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These are fair specimens of the things which Binius says the forged letters are about.

And now the reader may have some notion what the forged letters were for.

He may have a better notion of it still, when we tell him, that in the true and genuine letters of the early Popes there is nothing at all of this kind; nothing to show that Popes then either exercised or claimed the powers which they claim and exercise now; but much to show that they made no such claim.

Of course when Popes began to claim these powers, this was felt to be a great deficiency; for it gave a sad handle to people to say that Popes were usurping powers that did not belong to them; so, to put down perverse opposers, letters were forged for the early Popes, such as they ought to have written, if they had known their business and duties as later Popes know them now.

We can only give brief answers now, to questions which we shall answer more fully in future numbers.

Roman Catholics may also wish to know when these forgeries were first imposed on the world?—how long the world and the Church were imposed on by them?—and how they were at length proved to be forgeries? Briefly then,

1st. These letters (with a few exceptions) were first published by Augarius, Bishop of Metz, in France, about the year 836. No one had ever heard of most of them before.

2nd. The Church was imposed on by them until after the Reformation, or for more than 700 years.

3rd. They were proved to be forgeries, chiefly by the monstrous blunders that the forgers had made. Letters of Popes dated years after the Popes were dead—Popes quoting books and Councils that were not written or held till centuries after the Popes were dead—the evident marks that letters pretended to be written by Popes who lived centuries asunder were really written by the same person—the monstrous ignorance in the Popes' letters of the history of their own times—the absurd perversions of Scripture—the nonsensical and heretical things found in them. These, and many other marks of this kind, at length made Roman Catholics see that it was too late to try to defend them any further.

This is but a brief outline of the nature and purpose of these letters. We shall fill up this outline in future numbers. We conclude this number, as a general illustration, with some extracts from those letters, which, if true, would be of the greatest importance—viz, the letters said to be written by Clement to St. James the Apostle.

In his first Epistle to St. James, Clement recites that St. Peter, when dying, had ordained him as his successor, and had directed him to write a full account to St. James. It commences his first letter thus—“... Simon Peter, who, for the merit of true faith, and the upholding of sound preaching, was appointed to be the FOUNDATION of the Church.” Clement goes on to relate how St. Peter, when about to die, had taken him (Clement) by the hand, and said to all the people, “I ordain this Clement as your Bishop, to whom alone I deliver my chair of preaching and doctrine.” I deliver to him that power of binding and loosing which was delivered to me by the Lord; so that what he shall have decreed upon earth, ABOUT ALL THINGS WHATSOEVER, that may be decreed also in heaven.” He then relates how Peter ordained him, and made him to sit in his own seat, and all the directions that Peter gave him, concluding his letter thus—“In the judgment of God he shall suffer the torments of eternal fire who shall have neglected THE DECREES OF THE CHURCH.”†

It has been a great puzzle to Protestants, and to many Roman Catholics too, whether Clement, as Pope and successor to St. Peter, had the command and direction of the other Apostles who outlived Peter. These letters undertake to settle the question. Besides many other directions which Clement gives to James, and powers and authorities which he confers on him, he says, in his second Epistle to St. James—“Since, as we have received from the Blessed Apostle Peter, the FATHER of all the Apostles, in what manner we ought to hold concerning the sacraments which are performed among the saints, it becomes us to INSTRUCT YOU in order.”§ He then goes on to tell him with what “fear and trembling of the clergy they ought to guard the remains of the fragments of the Body of the Lord, lest by any means it might be found to putrify in the Sacrament,”|| with many other directions about celebrating mass, and about the altar and its furniture, which are not found in any genuine records of the early Church, but which are not unlike those now in the Roman Missal. It is true, Clement falls short in some things; for instance, he strictly commands that if any of the consecrated bread

remain, “it should not be reserved to the morrow, but be diligently consumed, with fear and trembling of the clergy;” however, it was not bad for a beginning.

Considering that St. James was present when our Lord instituted this Sacrament, and that St. Clement was not, it might seem unnecessary for him to instruct St. James about it; but, considering further, that the subject of instruction was the mass of the ninth century, it would certainly have been new light to St. James, only that he never got the letter, as it was not written until 800 years after his death.

We deeply regret that space does not allow us here to place the genuine letter of St. Clement in full comparison with the forged ones. One specimen must suffice from that most heavenly Epistle ever written by an uninspired man.

After teaching the Corinthians out of the Scriptures, Clement goes on:—“This is the way, beloved, in which we may find our Saviour, even Jesus Christ, the high priest of all our offerings, the defender and helper of our weakness. By Him we look up to the highest heavens; and behold as in a glass His spotless and most excellent countenance. By Him are the eyes of our hearts opened, by Him our foolish and darkened understanding rejoiceth to behold His wonderful light.”‡

The real letter of St. Clement is just what a Protestant Bishop might wish to write now; the forged letters of Clement are just what a Roman Catholic Bishop might write.

But now to illustrate the proofs of forgery: Eusebius tells us that St. James died before St. Peter (Book II. ch. 23, 25), and Roman Catholics admit that this is true: yet here we find Clement, after St. Peter's death, writing to St. James!

The letters contain further proof of forgery, plain to any one who has a Bible and refers to it. For Clement, writing to St. James, quotes to him James's own Epistle (ch. iv. v. 10, 11, 12), as if it were the words of St. Peter! Now, no one can suppose that Clement knew the Apostles' writings so badly as to make so unpardonable a blunder in so important a letter; so that any one with a Bible could detect the forgery at once—a striking proof of God's providential care, that they who look to the word of truth shall not be deceived by the lies of man:‡ a striking instance, too, how the Church may expect to be deceived when she shuts up the Bible, for this rank and impudent forgery imposed on the whole Church for 700 years! Ay, and on part of it for a THOUSAND YEARS!! MARK THIS, Roman Catholics of Ireland; it is but a few years ago that the Church of Rome has ceased to impose this forged letter upon you AS TRUE! until a few years ago, this Epistle of Clement to St. James has been quoted as true in the notes of the Douay Bible!! For 250 years, at least, every learned Roman Catholic has known and confessed that this Epistle was a forgery, and yet all that time you had it held up to you as true in the notes of the Douay Bible! We have now before us the original edition of the New Testament, published at Rheims, in 1582, and also a Douay Bible, printed with the sanction of Dr. Troy, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, in the year 1816,§ in both which we find this note on 2 Peter, ch. i. v. 15. “ST. CLEMENT, IN HIS EPISTLE TO ST. JAMES, OUR LORD'S BROTHER, witnesseth that St. Peter, encouraging him to take, after his decease, the charge of the Apostolic Roman See, promised that after his departure he would not cease to pray for him and his flock, thereby to ease him of his pastoral burden.”

See here what care the Roman Church has taken, in past time, to teach the Irish people only what is true and certain! Forgeries that she would not venture during later ages to produce to any other people in Europe, were thought good enough for you.

In our next number we will proceed to show how these forgeries came to be believed in the Church; how and by whom they were established; and the use that was made of them. Let Roman Catholics consider if this be worthy of their attention.

Those who have a greater zeal for Rome than for truth, may think it a great pity that all these proofs of the Roman system are but forgeries of the ninth century. And a great pity it would be, and a great wonder, too, if the Roman system had really been established by Christ and his Apostles, that the early Church should not have given us such testimony in support of it.

Those who regard truth will desire to see all false proofs swept away.

We have STRANGE AND STARTLING THINGS to say about these letters—MORE strange and startling than any that we yet have said. Those who dare not look at the light will, of course, look away, or shut their eyes, and will not venture to read, lest light should break in upon their minds. But those who have the courage to see light will, we

know, wait for it, and read all we have to say. Let such readers remember that we do not want to leave them without a religion; we only want to clear away all the lies of men, that they may behold the truth of God's Holy Word. We want to clear away the forgeries put on the early Popes, that the Word of God, as spoken by St. Peter himself, may stand for ever. “The word of the Lord endureth for ever; and this is the word which, by the Gospel, hath been preached unto you.”—1st Ep. of St. Peter, chap. i., verse 25, Douay Bible.

TALK OF THE ROAD.—No. XIX.

“Well, Pat, my man, any news of Kilcommon those times?” said Jim.

“There is, Jim,” said Pat, “for I was in on Monday.”

“And how is matters getting on there?” said Jim.

“Why, then, it's all getting mighty quiet,” said Pat, “and the readers just able to go about like any one else; and I wouldn't see any stir at all there, maybe, only for the long car.”

“And what of the long car, Pat?” said Jim; “wha call had that to the Readers, anyway?”

“Why, there was a gentleman out of England stopping at Mr. Owen's, and the word was gone about that it was him sent the Readers to Kilcommon, and to all Ireland; and that he was come to look after them; and, sure enough, when the long car came in, he was waiting for a seat on it; and the word went about that it was himself that was in it. Well, it was market day—and the big market it was, coming on Christmas; and I seen the town sergeant, in his blue coat and red collar, giving the people the wink, and them gathering round the car, and the gentleman on it; and they had the children in the front, and the girls and boys behind them, and the women behind them, and the men at the back of all, (for that's the plan,) and they all screeching: “souper,” and “jumper,” and “devil,” and all the names they have, at the gentleman on the car; and all the noises of the market going on too; for there was Ned Kelly, the ragman, singing the old song ‘Tear away, tear away! haul away, tear away!’ and Mr. Plunket, the auctioneer, standing on the cart, selling the shawls and gowns, and the people screeching and making all the horrid noises ever you heard; and there was an old mare in the long car, that was a wee thought ‘maggotty,’ and she wouldn't go a step with the people screeching for-nest her; and when Billy Donaghy, that was driving, fell to laying it into her, she turned to to lashing at him; and he beat all, entirely. Well, then, Mr. Plunket, that's always setting the people on against the Readers, took to canting the souper, when he seen there was no one bidding for the shawls; so, says he, ‘Going, going, going,’ says he, ‘a fine fat souper going—for one quart of soup!’ So the people fell to shouting more nor ever; and old Billy Donaghy took to flattering them—‘Oh, boys,’ says he, ‘sure you won't see me kilt entirely? Won't ye be easy one minute, till I get her away? Sure it's the devil's in the mare,’ says he. ‘You're a liar,’ says the boys, ‘it's the devil's on the car,’ says they, ‘and it's a rare Catholic mare she is; better nor you,’ says they, ‘to be driving what's on the car.’ Well, with that if there wasn't noise enough; up comes Nick Flaherty that sells the ballads, with a new song all in strips over his arm, and him calling it through the market, ‘Only wan hapeny, for St. Patrick's hymn, only wan hapeny,’ and then he fell to singing it, and of all the songs ever you heard for St. Patrick, it was the quare one, but only one verse stuck to me, and it was what St. Patrick was preaching to the heathens in Ireland:—

Have done with your fighting,
And think of your sins,
Or I'll break every bone
In your impudent skins.*

“St. Patrick's hymn, only wan hapeny,” well, just then, the police came up, and they cleared the way for the old mare, and the gentleman stood up on the car, and he takes off his hat, and gives it a whirl round his head, and says he ‘Now boys, one cheer more before we go,’ so, with that, they all fell to laughing and cheering him, for a pleasant gentleman as he was, so the long car drove off in the height of good humour. And I'm thinking, maybe that's the last of the bad noises in Kilcommon, for it's all getting quiet now, in spite of Father John, and Mr. Plunket, and the town sergeant too.”

“Well, Pat,” said Jim, “it's time for it to stop, for it was disgracing us all; and sure the people wouldn't keep it up for ever, though they'd be put up to it for a while. But sure that was the quare song for St. Patrick. I wonder what Father John would say to that.”

“And what would he say to it?” said Pat, “sure isn't it the very moral for himself. Sure don't I remember, afore the famine, when the people used to be kneeling in the chapel yard, at mass; and don't I mind it as regular as the day came, how Father John, or one of the curates, would go the rounds of the chapel yard, with the horsewhip, to keep the boys and girls to their duties, and all the people in the street and the houses forentin the chapel looking on? And wouldn't it be just the moral for Father John, if that was the way St. Patrick did speak to the heathens? But, I doubt, if St. Patrick was a Protestant, as Mr. Owens says

* If any of our readers in the neighbourhood of Navan could get a copy of this song for us, we should be obliged.—Ed. C. L.

* Simon Petrus, qui veræ fidei merito, et integræ prædicationis obtentu, fundamentum esse Ecclesiæ definitus est—Labbe & Coss. Vol. I., p. 82.

† Clementem hanc episcopum vobis ordino, cui soli meæ prædicationis et doctrine cathedram trado Ipsi trado a Domino mihi traditam potestatem ligandi et solvendi; ut de omnibus quibuscunque decreverit in terris, hoc decretum sit et in celis.—Labbe & Coss. Vol. I., p. 83.

‡ In iudicio Dei, ignis eterni tormenta sustinebit, qui Ecclesiastica decreta neglexerit.—Labbe & Coss. Vol. I., p. 97.

§ Quoniam sicut a Beato Petro apostolo acceptimus, omnium apostolorum patre qui claves regni celestis accepit, qualiter tenere debemus de sacramentis, quæ geruntur in sanctis, te ex ordine nos decet instruere.—Vol. I., p. 98.

|| Qui cum timore et tremore clericorum, reliquias fragmentorum corporis Domini custodire debent, ne qua putredo in sacrario inveniat.

* Quod si remanserint, in crastinum non reserventur, sed cum timore et tremore clericorum diligentia consumantur.—Labbe & Coss. Vol. I., p. 98.

† Labbe and Coss. Vol. I., p. 146.

‡ The following sentence, from the genuine letter of Clement, seems almost as if he knew the use that men would make of his name in after times, and wished to guard against it. “Look into the Holy Scriptures, which are the true words of the Holy Ghost; ye know that there is nothing twisted or forced written in them.”—Ch. 46. Is not this wonderfully suitable?—Labbe & Coss. Vol. I., p. 151.

§ It is a large 4to Bible, published by R. Coyne, Dublin.—Approved of by the Most Rev. Dr. Troy, R.C.A.D.

he was, he didn't do the likes of that at all, for sure, the Protestants doesn't do them things."

"Well, Pat," said Jem, "them times is past anyway; the people is got past that, and they wouldn't stand it now; and I don't see the horsewhip with the priests at all now, barring of an odd time at an election, or a fight, or the like of that."

"Well, its small call they have for it in the chapel-yard anyway," said Pat, "for you might play ball in the chapel itself, and the people in it."

"And is the readers doing anything in Kilcommon?" said Jem.

"Well, I hear there's a deal of people talking to them now Jem," said Pat, "and there's a deal of people goes to the controversial class now; and I went there myself that night."

"And what were they talking about?" said Jem.

"Well, it was about the Mass," said Pat, "but you would never think, Jem, what came uppermost."

"And what was it at all?" said Jem.

"Why, it was about the candles on the altar, Jem," said Pat.

"Well, was not there more in it to talk about than that, Pat?" said Jem.

"Well, there's more depending to the candles nor you think, may be," said Pat.

"Well, tell us all about that, Pat," said Jem.

"Why, the Rev. Mr. Burke (that's the missionary) he put it to them, was the wafer turned into the body and blood of Christ, and his soul and divinity too, when the priest said the words over it; and then up gets Mickey Reilly the schoolmaster, that's a very learned man, and says—'Sure it is,' says he, 'for they're the words of Christ, and won't his word always do what He means?' says he. 'And does it *always* happen when the priest speaks the word over the bread?' says Mr. Burke. 'Surely it does,' says Mickey. 'When the Word of Christ is spoken over the bread how can it fail?' says he. 'And did you never hear of defects in the Mass?' says Mr. Burke. 'How could there be defects in the Mass,' said Mickey, 'when it depends on the Word of Christ, that can't fail?' says he. 'There's no defects in the Mass, nor couldn't be,' says he, 'but that's the way the Protestants are always speaking, for they can't make an act of faith, and they can't believe that Christ's Word will always do its work; but the Catholics that can make an act of faith, knows that there can't be no defects in the Mass,' says he. So the Rev. Mr. Burke takes out a book with a fine red cover, and plenty of gold on it, and 'What book is that?' says he. 'It's the Mass Book,' says Mickey Reilly, when he looked at it. 'Is it the real Mass Book?' says Mr. Burke. 'It is,' says he, 'and no mistake.' 'Do you know the Latin?' says Mr. Burke. 'I do,' says he. So Mr. Burke opened a place, and says he, 'Will you read that to the meeting in English.' So Mickey read out mighty clever, 'It's about defects in the celebration of the Mass,' says he. Well, with that all the Catholics that was there began to look mighty quare; and Mickey read on, that 'a defect might occur in the thing that was to be consecrated, or the form that was used, or in the minister himself; and if there is any defect in them, there's no sacrament made,' says he, 'and sure enough your Reverence is right, and knows more about the Mass Book than I do,' says he. And so Mr. Burke just takes the book and turns to another page, and bids him read that; so says Mickey, 'Its about defects occurring in the ministering itself,' says he; and then Mr. Burke puts his finger on a place, and Mickey reads—'If there be not wax candles present,' says he, 'sure enough,' says he, 'it wont do without the wax by this,' says he; 'and if the candles isn't wax it's a defect, and the sacrament isn't made at all,' says he; so with that, up jumps Barney Daly, and, says he: 'Now I know all about it, your Reverence,' says he. 'About what?' says Mr. Burke. 'About what Father John said to the Boord of Guardians,' says he. 'And what was that?' says Mr. Burke. 'Why, I was in the poor-house,' says he, 'the times was so hard, and the Master put me over one of the wards; and he wanted me afore the Boord one day, about some business; and while I was waiting in the boord-room, in comes Father John, and whispers the Clerk, and, says the Clerk to the Chairman, his Reverence wants to address the Boord; so the Chairman says they was ready to hear him. So Father John says he wanted wax candles for the Mass, for he couldn't do it with tallow any longer,* so there was some talk about it, but in course they gave Father John what he wanted, for the Boord always does that; and the wax candles were given from that day out, for the Master still sent me for them. But now, your Reverence, what came of all them people that was going to the Mass for all them years in the poorhouse, and him doing it with the dips?' So, Mr. Burke just turned round on Mickey Reilly, 'and, what do you say to that,' says he, 'does it depend on the word of Christ only, or does it depend on the wax too?' 'Well, your Reverence,' said Mickey, 'that's the sorest thing I heard again the Mass yet.' 'And isn't it the poor thing, your Reverence,' says Barney Daly, 'to have to worship the Host, and we having no way to know, for sure and certain, what it is, at all? How did I know what I was worshipping in the poor-house? How did I know

was it the body and blood and soul and divinity of Christ, or was it only just a wafer I was worshipping? and it all depending on the wax or the tallow, and I knowing nothing about that, nor Father John neither, till it was put in his head by the Protestants, maybe? And, isn't it the poor thing to be worshipping we don't know what?' says he. 'So, then,' says Mr. Burke, 'what does Christ say about that?' says he. So then I spoke up, and says I, didn't Christ say to the woman, 'you adore that which you know not; we adore that which we know' (John ch. iv., verse 22); and says I, mustn't we learn from Christ what we ought to adore, and did he ever tell us to adore the bread and wine that he blessed? and Mr. Burke allowed that was right. And then says some one, 'what candles had Christ at all, when he instituted the sacrament?' 'no candles at all,' says Mr. Burke, 'only lamps, for,' says he, 'there was no candles made in the world that time; and you'll think it quare, Jem, to hear how he proved that, 'for,' says he, 'there was a city just covered over with ashes and cinders out of a burning mountain, just soon after the time of our Saviour, and it was dug out not long ago, and all the houses found, and the people's bones, and their duds, just all as they left them, and not a sign of so much as a tin candlestick, let alone a brass one, found in one of them, only lamps that wouldn't burn wax at all; and if they had candles, wouldn't they have some kind of candlesticks to hold them in?'"

"Well, Pat," said Jem, "maybe that's true; but what signifies it? sure if the Word of God was to do it all, wouldn't it do by tallow-light as well as by wax-light? sure that shows it isn't all right anyway."

"Well, there was more nor that, too," said Pat, "sure Mr. Burke showed us out of the same mass-book, that there was twenty other things by their own showing that would stop the sacrament being made, and things that we couldn't know nothing about; for sure one of them is if the wine is sour; and how would we know that, when we don't taste it? and then there's no sacrament made at all; or if the priest isn't minding what he's at, or if he looks off the book when he says the words; and how can we tell about them things at all? and now, Pat, how do we know at all *what* we were worshipping at the mass?"

"Well, Jem," said Pat, "I'm sure Christ would not leave us that way, not to know what we were worshipping. But sure don't we know he never told the apostles to worship the bread and wine at all, but only to eat and drink it? and if we keep to what He said, why need we trouble ourselves about what any one said afterwards?"

"That's it, Pat," said Jem; "if we stick to that we can't be astray."

So we hope to tell yet what that brought them to in the end.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The great mass of communications with which we are favoured renders it impossible for us to insert everything we could desire as promptly as we could wish. At this moment many articles, actually in type, including one on the Apocrypha, are unavoidably postponed.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 9, Upper Sackville-st.

We would request our correspondents, both Roman Catholics and Protestants, to limit the length of their communications, and not to discuss a variety of distinct topics in one letter.

Contributors of £1 per annum will be furnished with six copies, any of which will be forwarded, as directed, to nominees of the subscriber. Any one receiving any number of the journal which has not been paid for or ordered by himself, will not be charged for it, and may assume that it has been paid for by a subscriber.

We have to thank several obliging friends for assisting us with copies of Nos. 2, 8, and 11, to complete sets of Vol. I., which is in great demand. Nos. 3 and 4 have already been reprinted. If any of our friends could oblige us with additional copies of Nos. 2, 8, or 11, they would be very acceptable, and might save us the heavy expense of reprinting them, which, however, we purpose doing, if necessary.

We beg those kind friends by whose subscriptions and contributions we have been materially assisted during the past year, to remember that the subscriptions for the ensuing year are payable in ADVANCE, and may be forwarded to Mr. Curry, 9, Upper Sackville-street, Dublin, by Post-office orders or postage stamps. Those who wish the paper to be continued should do so without delay.

* This applies to two cities buried under the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius, soon after the time of Christ, and dug out in the last century: Herculaneum and Pompeii. The word translated "candle" in the Bible, does not necessarily mean such candles as we have. The Greek word is *λύχνος*, and the Latin *lucerna*. The most exact English translation is "a light." The learned Roman Catholic, Calmet, says the "candlestick" in the Temple was, in fact, a lamp—See his Dictionary of the Bible, at the word "Lamp." Moses says it was oil that was used in this "candlestick"—see Levit. xxiv. 2-4.

The Catholic Layman.

DUBLIN, DECEMBER, 1853.

IN closing the second year of our labours, we have not only to thank our many friends and supporters for numberless favours, and our many readers for their favourable attention, but to offer up our heartfelt gratitude to God for the blessing that has hitherto attended our exertions, to promote a more calm and candid investigation of religious questions than has heretofore prevailed in our distracted country.

We trust that we have given a substantial proof of the practicability of conducting controversy in a spirit of kindness and brotherly love; and we would further hope, that the cause of what we believe to be truth has not suffered in our hands for want of charity towards those who differ from us.

Whether we have succeeded or not in settling the minds of any, who were previously in want of aid in such matters, we think we have, at least, encouraged and assisted them to pursue their all-important inquiries in the only spirit that can ever lead them to an enlightened conviction, and a real and honest satisfaction of mind upon such a subject as that of religion. Error in a matter so solemn must ever be both sad and pernicious; but no error of opinion is, in our judgment, half so pernicious or destructive as the determined bigotry which wilfully and deliberately shuts its ears and eyes against everything but its own narrow-minded prejudices, and which can see nothing but wilful falsehood and determined vice in any one who holds opinions differing from its own. We have as little sympathy with or respect for the Protestant who ignorantly cries down "Popery," as if no Roman Catholics had anything to say in their defence, and must be perversely and wilfully in love with error, as we have with the narrow-minded Romanist, who would condemn, unheard, every doctrine and practice of another Church as infidel or heretical. Truth is great, and will, no doubt, ultimately prevail; but its progress and success will never be rapid until it is cultivated in a spirit more worthy of it—a spirit of benevolence and brotherly love; a benevolence which can tolerate a difference of opinion without considering it a crime, and endure a free expression of that difference of opinion, without feeling it as an injury or an insult. Were men's minds properly constituted, the feeling towards those whom we believe to be in error would be like the feeling towards those in a state of bodily disease—a feeling of pity, not of hostility; and we should be as solicitous to bring them to truth, as the only medicine for their mental diseases, as we should be to cure their bodies of any loathsome disorder; not to show our own superiority, but simply to do them good. How happy would society be, if men argued less for victory and more for truth!

We assume no superiority over other men on the score of temper any more than of wisdom; but we commenced our periodical under a painful sense of the injury that has been done to the cause of truth and free inquiry by offences against Christian charity, and we have endeavoured to establish, by a practical example, the possibility of conducting such a periodical without degenerating into either polemic strife or personal scurrility. To say the truth, we have felt but small temptation to be led into either; and we entertain

* It is a fact that about the time mentioned the priests did make this demand in many workhouses. It was just after the missionaries to the Roman Catholics had called their attention to this defect in the Mass.